

# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori,  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## **To Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.**

O flowers, O happy flowers, which day and night  
So near to my own Jesus silent stay,  
And never leave Him till before His sight  
At length your life in fragrance fades away;  
Could I, too, always make my dwelling place  
In that dear spot to which your charms you lend;  
Oh, what a blessed lot were mine, what grace,  
Close to my truest Life, my life to end.

O lights, O happy lights which burn away,  
The presence of our Jesus to proclaim!  
Ah! could I see my heart become one day  
Like you, all fire of love and burning flame,  
Then as you waste away, so would I die,  
Like you, consumed with fire of love divine;  
Oh, how I envy you! How blest were I  
Could I but change your happy lot with mine!

O sacred pyx, thou art more favored still,  
For thou my Love concealed dost here enclose;  
What nobler, happier part could creature fill?  
In thee thy very God deigns to repose!  
Ah! were thy office but for one brief day  
On this my poor and frozen breast bestowed,  
Then would my heart be melted all away,  
Of love and fire become the blest abode.

But ah, sweet flowers, bright lights, and pyx so blest!  
Far, far more fortunate than you am I,  
When my Beloved comes within my breast,  
All loving like a tender lamb to lie;  
And I, poor worm, in this frail Host receive  
My Good, my All, the God of Majesty!  
Why then not burn? My life why then not give,  
Since here my Treasure gives Himself to me?

—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

## POPE PIUS X

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, founded a Society or Church to lead men to heaven. After His death and ascension He left St. Peter and St. Peter's successors to rule this Society in His name. This rule is a rule of love rather than of fear, and therefore this representative of Christ is called not "Ruler," but "Father"—the "Father of the Faithful". This is the name by which Catholics have always known him, and the events of the past few days have proven to the entire world that such is his proper title. While the "Rulers" of nations are ordering out their subjects to be butchered on the field of battle, the "Father of the Faithful" dies broken-hearted over the slaughter which he cannot prevent. His last message to the world is an urgent appeal for peace; his last prayer to God is, "Spare my children; my poor, poor children".

### HIS LOWLY BIRTH.

Pope Pius X, who died of grief in the prison-palace of the Vatican, August 20, was born in the little Italian town of Riese, June 2, 1835. His father, John Baptist Sarto, was a postman, one of his sisters married a peddler, another a tobacconist, a third, who remained single, is a dressmaker; one of his brothers is at present an innkeeper in Mantua. The good parish Priest of Riese believed that he saw in young Joseph Sarto (this was the name of the future Pope) signs of a vocation to the Holy Priesthood. He taught the little fellow reading and writing and the rudiments of Latin. At the age of eleven the boy began to attend college in the near-by town of Castelfranco. He made the way to and from this college on foot every day for four years, and many a time he carried his shoes in his hand until he reached the edge of the town, for his father, the postman, could barely afford to buy clothes for the growing family. At fifteen he received the tonsure and cassock from the Bishop of Treviso and thus gave himself up definitely to the ecclesiastical life.

### HIS PRIESTLY CAREER.

After a brilliant course in the theological seminary of Padua, he was ordained Priest at the age of twenty-four. First as assistant and afterwards as Pastor, he showed the qualities that made him such a true Priest, Bishop, and Pope; they were: zeal for Catholic instruction, love for the poor, and devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament. He

held that lack of instruction is the principal cause of lack of faith and that all unprejudiced minds would readily accept the doctrines of the Catholic Church if these doctrines were but clearly and thoroughly explained to them. Hence he gave his principal attention to catechetical instructions both to children and adults, and as Bishop and Pope he made laws obliging his Priests to do the same. His great love for the poor began to manifest itself in a special manner the moment he left the seminary, and from then until the time of his death he contented himself with the barest necessities of life in order to be able to give as much as possible to the poor. Even as Sovereign Pontiff, with three hundred and one million subjects to contribute to his support, he lived on less than one dollar a day and gave all his surplus income to the poor. When the great earthquakes of Calabria destroyed hundreds of thousands of homes, he begged for help until he obtained nearly seven million francs with which he bought food and clothing, and built homes, asylums, and churches for these afflicted people. All who have visited Rome will remember the bright, happy faces of the Calabrian orphans who were brought up and educated under the immediate and special care of the Pope. Last but not least comes his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. This is the devotion that characterizes every Priestly heart, and the heart of Father Joseph Sarto was above all else a Priestly heart. His devotion took a practical form; he spared no efforts to make everything about the Blessed Sacrament becoming—the altar linens, the ornaments, the church, the music and singing; he took great pains to instruct well those who were about to receive the Blessed Sacrament in Holy Communion, and he urged all to receive it early and often. What, as Priest, he did himself, as Pope, he commanded all other Priests to do.

#### HIGHER DIGNITIES.

The extraordinary worth of the young Priest could not long remain hidden from his superiors. In 1875 he was made chancellor of the bishopric of Treviso, then spiritual Director and Rector of the seminary, then Vicar General and finally Vicar Capitular, that is, ruler of the diocese pending the election of a new Bishop. In 1884 he was consecrated Bishop of Mantua. Here he began to experience, what he was afterwards to learn so well as Pope, how much a meddling government can curtail the liberties of the Church. The Italian government protested that the Church had no right to choose a Bishop for the see of Mantua without consulting it. Not only did it prevent him from taking

possession of his see for eighteen months, but out of revenge it prevented other Bishops from doing the same until there were thirty vacant sees in Italy. Finally the minister Crispi ceased his persecution for the time, and Bishop Sarto began to rule his diocese.

The next in dignity above Bishop is Archbishop, then comes Primate, then Patriarch (of which order there are only three), then Cardinal, and finally Pope. In 1893 Leo XIII made Bishop Sarto Cardinal Archbishop and Patriarch of Venice. The enemies of the Church were strong in the city when he arrived, but his kindness and zeal soon disarmed them. He spared no pains to promote the spiritual and bodily welfare of the people. He was always ready to take up any work that was for the general good; he even interrupted his important business as Cardinal and Archbishop to go from house to house soliciting subscriptions for a Catholic periodical, so keenly did he realize the power of the press for good or for evil.

"INSTAURARE OMNIA IN CHRISTO."

In July, 1903, Leo XIII died. The Cardinal Archbishop of Venice bought a round trip ticket between Venice and Rome to take part in the conclave held for the election of a new Pope. He never returned to his beloved Venice. On the fourth of August, by 55 out of 60 possible votes, he was elected Pope. Such is the unbearable position into which the Italian government has thrown the Papacy that, despite its hypocritical offers of protection, the Pope dare not appear on the public streets, and to be elected Pope is the same as to be sentenced to life imprisonment within the halls of the Vatican.

"Instaurare omnia in Christo"—"To restore all things in Christ". Such is the motto adopted by Cardinal Sarto on his ascension to the Papal throne, and all the world knows how well he has lived up to that motto. To restore all things in Christ it was imperative that the faith of Christ be kept pure from error; the Pope saw that the dangerous error of modernism had entered into the fold, and accordingly he exposed and condemned it. To restore all things in Christ there must be perfect order in Christ's society, the Church. The Pope was scarcely elected before he summoned a number of the ablest canonists of the world, and set them to work on the codification of Canon Law, the law that governs the universal Church. They are still at work upon this gigantic task, though some of their most important legislation has already been promulgated, for example, the new marriage law, the laws pertaining to the changing of parish Priests, the laws determin-



ing when and how Bishops must report to Rome. To restore all in Christ it is necessary to bring all to Christ, to unite all to Christ, and this is what has been accomplished by the man of God who has just died. He accomplished it by promoting that most perfect union with Christ, called Holy Communion. He urged all to frequent Communion and condemned the false teaching that would forbid it; he commanded the children to approach Holy Communion, in accordance with the law of Jesus Christ, as soon as they had attained the age of reason; he dispensed the sick, under certain conditions, from the obligation of fasting in order that they might more frequently receive Holy Communion. The result is that there are many millions more annual Communions now than when this great lover of the Blessed Sacrament set out to "restore all things in Christ".

One with such a kind, fatherly heart as Pius X must necessarily suffer much and suffer keenly. Every misfortune, whether of soul or body, that afflicted his children afflicted him ten times more. His first great sorrow was when France, the "Eldest Daughter of the Church", officially repudiated the Church and began the studied persecution of religion which continues to this day; then came Spain with her anti-Catholic laws, Portugal with her butcheries and confiscations, Germany with her open opposition to his edicts, and worst of all, the sins and scandals of many Catholics throughout the world. The final blow came when the rulers of Europe, blinded by greed and ambition, ordered all the best and bravest of their subjects to meet in the battlefield and slaughter one another with every weapon of destruction that modern science has invented. While war was brewing he had refused to believe that the civilized nations of today would wilfully enter upon such a conflict. He sent a special message to the Emperor of Austria beseeching him not, in his old age, to stain his hands with blood. When he learned that Germany had declared war on Russia he realized at last that the world struggle had begun. The shock was so great that he swooned away. The doctors revived him, but he never entirely recovered from the blow. He spent most of his time in prayer for Europe. When told that the rival armies were engaged on the historic battlefield of Belgium, he repeated for hours the prayers for the dying. Again and again he was heard to say, "Spare my children, my poor, poor children". Those about him saw that he would never rally against the attack. After devoutly receiving the Last Sacraments the aged "Father of the Faithful" died—died heartbroken over the affliction of

his children. Here is his last message to the world: "At this moment, when nearly the whole of Europe is being dragged into the vortex of a most terrible war, with its dangers and miseries, and the consequences to follow, the very thought of which must strike everyone with grief and horror, we, whose care is the life and welfare of so many citizens and peoples, cannot but be deeply moved and our heart wrung with the bitterest sorrow.

"And in the midst of this universal confusion and peril we feel and know that both fatherly love and apostolic ministry demand of us that we should with all earnestness turn the thoughts of Christendom thither 'whence cometh help'—to Christ, the Prince of Peace and the most powerful Mediator between God and man.

"We charge, therefore, the Catholics of the whole world to approach the throne of grace and mercy, each and all of them, and more especially the clergy, whose duty, furthermore, it will be to make in every parish, as their Bishops shall direct, public supplication, so that the merciful God may, as it were, be wearied with the prayers of His children and speedily remove the evil causes of war, giving to them who rule to think the thoughts of peace and not of affliction.

"From the palace of the Vatican, the second day of August, 1914.

"PIUS X., *Pontifex Maximus.*"

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### A BREEDER OF TRAGEDIES.

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"When folks dance as most Americans danced during the last year and a half, the man is not going to retain much respect for the woman partner. Any one who knows the real facts of the dancing mania knows that it has bred thousands upon thousands of tragedies." Thus writes Miss Joan Sawyer, a celebrated dancer, in the *New York Sun*.

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An Attorney-General of Kansas officially gave out the opinion that women voters are not obliged to give their age, it is sufficient for them to register as "twenty-one and upward". The women voters of Kansas say, "A Solomon came to judgment". The Attorney-General is a candidate for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. It is said that his election is now assured.

## PAPAL INFALLIBILITY—NO SALVATION OUT OF THE CHURCH.

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The dogma of the Papal Infallibility is a stumbling-block to non-Catholics. This is owing principally to a misconception of its meaning. Papal infallibility neither means nor includes impeccability, for *all men*, including the Pope, are sinners (1 John 1, 8). The Pope goes regularly and frequently to confession, and his confessor is a special official of his household. Neither does Papal infallibility mean individual infallibility, for the Pope, as a mere individual, is liable to make mistakes. But infallibility is the Pope's *official prerogative*, and pertains to him whenever he acts in his official capacity as head of the Church. Let us illustrate this by two comparisons. Mr. N. is president of a thrifty bank, or corporation. His signature as president thereof imparts an immense value to a note, check or document; but were he to affix his signature thereto as a mere private individual, the same might be worthless. Also a member of the bar may, in private, emit erroneous views which have no binding power; but, if he be an able and conscientious judge, he will be very careful, in his judicial capacity, to give correct decisions possessing genuine legal force. In like manner, the Pope, when acting in his private or individual capacity, is not endowed with infallibility; he is infallible only when he acts in his official capacity as Vicar of Christ and successor of St. Peter.

But in what matters is the Pope infallible? The infallibility of the Church resides in the Pope, who is her Head, her mouth-piece. But Jesus Christ conferred infallibility on His Church for the spiritual benefit of mankind, that she might securely lead all men on the right road to heaven. Therefore, the infallibility of the Church and of her head is not universal, but extends only to matters intimately connected with the salvation of men. It means that the Church, the Pope, cannot err in defining the doctrine of Christ, in teaching men what they must believe and do to be saved. Although this infallibility is directly confined to matters of faith and morals, it often indirectly embraces other matters pertaining to philosophy, natural sciences, politics, etc., whenever these reach into the domain of faith and morals; for instance, when such matters are opposed to divine revelation or to the divine commandments, and either deny revealed truths, such as

the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, or teach or prescribe things forbidden by the law of God. When this occurs, *the Church alone*, being the representative of God, the Supreme Ruler of the universe, is competent to decide the matter.

Many object to Papal infallibility that "God alone is infallible." To this we reply that God alone is infallible *in all things*. This, however, does not prevent man from possessing a limited kind of infallibility. We are, for instance, infallibly certain of some truths, such as, that there is a God, that two and two are four, that a circle is round, that every effect must have a cause. Moreover, we can retort the argument against those who deny the Papal infallibility. Are you, we ask them, really certain, unmistakably certain, infallibly certain that the Pope is not and cannot be infallible? If you are not infallibly certain of the Pope's *fallibility*, you may be mistaken in your opinion and you cannot, therefore, conclude for certain that he is not infallible. If, however, you maintain that you are infallibly certain that the Pope is not infallible, you attribute infallibility to yourself, although you maintain that God alone is infallible! Your pretension is absurd.

The Church has always accepted and obeyed the Papal decisions as infallible and unappealable, approving whatever the Pope approved, rejecting and condemning whatever he rejected and condemned, and looking upon as heretics or schismatics all who refused submission to his authority and decisions in matters of faith and morals. As an unanswerable argument against the heretics of their time, the early Fathers of the Church were wont to adduce the fact that said heretics were not in communion with the Pope, or that they had been condemned by him.

We know it is human to err. Every man has erred at times, has more or less frequently changed his views, rejecting and condemning later what he had at first accepted and held as true. It is human to err. Every body or assembly of men represents a diversity of convictions and contradictory opinions. Even the most learned scientists materially disagree in scientific matters. This need not astonish us, for it is human to err, to disagree. But, as genuine history testifies, among the Popes there has never existed any disagreement or contradiction in matters pertaining either to faith or morals. Over two hundred and sixty Popes has succeeded one another in the Chair of St. Peter. On numberless occasions they have been consulted concerning intricate doctrinal and moral questions. These they have elucidated and

decided, making numberless decrees, and yet they have never disagreed or contradicted one another! And, nevertheless, it is human to err! And yet these many Popes have actually *never erred*; they have been wonderfully unanimous and consistent with one another in all their official decisions! How do you explain this grand fact, which has no parallel in history?

The only natural and logical explanation of this truly singular and stupendous fact is, that this Papal unanimity and consistency is the unanimity and consistency of truth itself, which, like God, its Author, is *one* and *unchangeable*. The Popes have been unanimous and consistent only because they *always* had truth on their side. But, since it is human to err, the Popes could not always have sided with truth, had they not been constantly enlightened, guided and directed by the "Spirit of truth," whom Jesus Christ promised to His Church: "The Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send you in My name, will teach you all things, and will abide with you forever" (John 14-26, 16). We need not wonder, then, that, guided by the Spirit of truth, the Popes have never deviated from truth and have always been actually and practically infallible.

In submitting to the decisions of the Pope, we submit to the Church, nay, to Jesus Christ Himself, and, therefore, we cannot go astray. The very fact that a doctrine is taught or has been defined by the Pope, by the Church, suffices to impart to us an infallible certainty of its truth. Were there in this any error or danger of error, we could, with the great St. Augustine, justly lay the blame on God Himself, and say: "If we are deceived, it is Thou, O Lord, who hast deceived us."

The Protestant sects in making or changing their creeds, in approving or condemning doctrines, have recourse to balloting or voting, and the majority, sometimes amounting to only one, decides, for instance, that infant baptism is not necessary, that hell is not eternal, or that there is no hell at all, or that Rev. Mr. N. is a heretic. This greatly amuses free-thinkers and other infidels, who clearly perceive that all these matters are only private opinions, and that, in spite of the doctrine of *private judgment*, the fallible opinion of even the smallest majority becomes a real tyranny over the minority. The very men who deny infallibility to the Church founded by Jesus Christ, assume it for themselves, and impose their views on their fellowmen. How inconsistent!

But how different it is in the Catholic Church. She is infallible,

and her infallibility is vested in her head, the Pope, without whom there can be no binding decree in matters of faith or morals. If he approves a Council, its decrees are legitimate; if he disapproves it, its decrees are powerless. To render a decree, the Holy Scriptures, the previous decrees of Popes and Councils, the writings of the Fathers and theologians, the whole of tradition, in a word, are consulted and thoroughly examined, and most fervent prayers are addressed to the Holy Ghost to obtain light and counsel. And, as history testifies, the light and assistance of the Spirit of truth has never failed the Church and her head, for her doctrines have ever been the same, unchanging, consistent and identical at all times, in all places, under all circumstances. They are true, because they have always possessed the properties of truth, being one, consistent, unchanging and excluding all error. Therefore, he who rejects the doctrines of the infallible Catholic Church and her Head, rejects divine revelation and rebels against her Sovereign Lord and Master and shall be excluded from His Kingdom!

To this conclusion non-Catholics object as being an uncharitable doctrine. But this doctrine of exclusive salvation is not uncharitable, for it is the doctrine of the God of charity, who became man and died a most painful and ignominious death to save all men. It is the Infallible Truth, the Son of God, who expressly said: "Go, teach all nations. . . . He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not, shall be condemned." How dare one, calling himself a Christian, charge with uncharitableness Him who gave His blood and His life to save him!

We should make a distinction between a person in error and erroneous doctrines. The Church, being commissioned to teach the truths revealed by Jesus Christ, must condemn error directly and necessarily. She also condemns by excommunication those of her children who, having fallen into an error previously condemned, openly and obstinately persist therein. And do not all the Protestant sects exclude from membership those who teach doctrines at variance with their essential tenets?

But let us bear well in mind that the Catholic Church does not condemn individuals to hell. She, indeed, canonizes saints, that is, she declares certain persons to be in heaven and worthy of being honored as the friends of God, because it has been most clearly proved, after a long and thorough examination that they had, during their lives prac-

tised the Christian virtues in a *heroic* degree and thus been perfect imitators of the Saviour. But the Catholic Church does not and cannot claim to locate individuals in "the region of disorder and everlasting horror" (Job 10, 22). Her mission is to lay down and teach the principles of salvation revealed by the Saviour, to point out the road to heaven, to help men on their way thither, to condemn errors leading to eternal perdition, and when necessary, to expel from her bosom obstinate apostates. What is to be done in the next world with individuals who have died in error, lies not within the scope of her mission to decide, because God, who alone can read their hearts, has reserved to Himself the right to judge men after death and to "render to every man according to his works" (Mat. 16, 27).

If a man, *through his own fault*, dies in error, God will most justly condemn him as a rebel who wilfully rejected His revelation. Such a one deserves that terrible fate, for he can have no claim to share in heaven the glory of Him, against whose authority he persistently rebelled.

But if a man, *without any fault of his own*, dies in error, God will not consign him to hell on account of his error, because it was not wilful on his part. If this same man has never wilfully transgressed the divine law in some important matter, or, if he has done so, but has sincerely repented of it, God will not fail to judge him worthy of eternal bliss. The reason is that such a man, *sincerely* believing himself to be in the right, and entertaining no doubt concerning the truth of his religious convictions, is really not a rebel to divine authority, but a true Catholic at heart. Were such a one to discover his error, he would, without doubt, at once renounce it and embrace the true faith at any and every earthly sacrifice; or, were he to conceive a serious doubt concerning the truth of his religious convictions, he would give himself no rest and leave no means untried to satisfactorily solve his doubt.

Catholics neither claim the right, nor undertake to judge of the sincerity or of the interior dispositions of non-Catholics, but leave them to God, the omniscient and most just Judge of the living and dead, who has established His Church and commissioned her to teach all nations, and imposes on all men, under pain of forfeiting their salvation, the obligation to believe her teaching and become her faithful members.

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.



## A THOUGHT FOR COMMUNION.

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"May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul unto life everlasting." Such are the words of the priest as he lays the little white Host upon my tongue.

*"May the Body,"*—not dead, but living—with the Blood that courses through it, and the Soul that quickens it; the Body fashioned from the virginal substance of the Immaculate Mary; the body that nestled in her tender arms, that grew in grace and beauty, that toiled and labored, wearied and spent itself seeking for my wayward soul, that bowed in agony in the Garden under the weight of my sins, and quivered in anguish on the Cross of shame; the Body that lay cold, bruised, disfigured on Mary's heart, and then in the silence of the tomb—from which it came on Easter morn glorified, resplendent, triumphant; that ascended later to the highest heaven, where it sitteth on the right hand of the Eternal Father; that Body now hidden beneath those sacramental veils!

*"Of Our Lord Jesus Christ"*—Son of the Most High God, Eternal Word of the Father, Second Person of the Adorable Trinity, equal to the Father and the Holy Ghost, God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God—who for us came down from Heaven, our Saviour, our Salvation and our Hope; who redeemed us in His Blood and made us a kingdom to our God; who had pardon for degraded sinners, comfort for the sorrowing, encouragement for the downcast, and friendliness even for the hunted lowly leper; in whose touch was healing, in whose words was love, in whose smile was heaven; who on the night of His betrayal thought of me, looked to my needs with tender pity, and gave Himself to me in this most Holy Sacrament!

*"Preserve my soul"*—be its blessed food, its sweet refreshment, its life and strength; preserve it from every danger, from the foul breath of Satan, from the contagion of the world with its false maxims, its avowed godlessness and hidden vices, from the allurements of my own baser passions; preserve it from every wilful venial transgression, from lukewarmness and carelessness, and especially from the misfortune of mortal sin; preserve it in kindness, patience, helpfulness towards my neighbor; preserve it in lively faith—daily conversing with saints and angels—in ardent fervor—eager to perform every action for His



sweet sake—in spotless purity—to deserve His friendship—and in holy love. Preserve it all through my pilgrimage on earth—and even

*“Unto life everlasting”*—be a pledge of final perseverance and a happy death, the germ of immortality, the seed of a glorious resurrection; a foretaste of the joys of Heaven—where every tear is washed away and sorrow is unknown, where the soul is flooded with a torrent of pure delights, where the elect is free from the fear of losing God, enjoys the companionship of Saints, draws near to the Virgin Mother, and looks with raptured awe on the face of the Eternal!

“May the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my soul unto life everlasting.—Amen!”

—*Written for the Liguorian.*

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### A WORD OF WARNING.

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A certain holy and learned person used to say that two prisons should be built, one for those who wilfully refuse to believe the words of God, and the other for those who believe God, but persist in leading a life of sin. The prison of these latter, he would have called the prison of fools. Truly such persons are fools. And their folly is all the more deplorable because they themselves made it incurable by deluding themselves that they are the wisest of all. This might appear a hard thing to do, but then they are so numerous, and example and company make almost anything easy. Does not Holy Writ assure us: “The number of fools is infinite”? Men sometimes smile at the power of charms and amulets and hypnotism that should force us to do most lamentable things. Yet how many fall victims to more disastrous charms and throw away their eternal fortunes in maddest folly? Folly dupes some by the love of glory and leads them to the endless disgrace of hell. Folly holds others spellbound by the charms of pleasure and hurries them into the arms of the demon and the fires of hell. Folly enchains others by the glitter of gold and slowly but surely betrays them to Satan. Fools though they be, yet they dare to sneer at those souls who are resolved to be saved. The world calls them fools simply because they will not allow themselves to be cheated by the seductions of wealth, because they will not barter heaven for hell and God for a coin. The world calls them fools simply because they are wise enough to distrust its treacherous pleasures, wise enough to

hold in check those unholy desires that would lower them to the level of the brute. The world calls them fools just because they will not kneel at her feet and beg for her offices and honors, become the slaves of her sordid court and do homage to her master, to him whom Our Lord calls the prince of this world. Truly the world and her worldlings cannot remember the assurance of Holy Writ: "The wisdom of the world is foolishness with God."

Alas, a day of enlightenment is coming. On that awful day they will be forced to see their folly. But when will that day come? Only when all is too late, when there is no remedy more. What fearful despair must seize upon him then when on his death bed, in presence of his Judge, he must admit: "We fools esteemed their life madness and their end without honor. Behold now they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints. Therefore we have erred from the way of truth, and the light of justice has not shined unto us." Wis. V, 4.

And is it not the most thoughtless folly to sell the grace and favor of God for a little handful of money that has God's curse upon it—for a little puff of earthly honor that may damn us forever more—for a passing delight that serves only as the bait of hell? To win the doubtful favor of an earthly master these same men will crouch and fawn and labor as the veriest slaves, and then how foolish when they dare to defy a God? For a wretched indulgence they are willing to forfeit the innocence and dignity of their souls and defile them with the hideous stain of sin. They banish from their hearts the sweet peace of a happy conscience and welcome the slimy worm of remorse who will gnaw away all the joy from their lives. Would you allow yourself that indulgence if you had to forfeit a hand or an eye for it? Then why be so foolish as to trample on the rights of God for the merest bauble and exchange heaven for hell?

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

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It was declared at a recent meeting of the heads of the large department stores and mail order concerns of Chicago that young women with good dispositions and average attractiveness, and who eschew slit skirts, low cut necks, and fish-hook curls pasted on their cheeks, need never lack employment in that city.—*Pathfinder*.

## FATHER TIM CASEY.

"Then bring your mother up some evening, Miss Seagrave, and we shall talk the matter over together," said Father Casey, as he bowed out an elegantly dressed young lady one August afternoon.

Miss Seagrave—I beg your pardon—Miss *Minerva* Seagrave and her mother had recently taken possession of their princely new villa in Father Casey's parish, and, since high society was scarce in the neighborhood, they were (so they fully believed) wasting their sweetness on the desert air. They, however, contemplated creating a temporary oasis of the elite in the midst of this desert of common working and business people. The occasion was to be the coming wedding—for Miss Minerva had *caught a man*. Father Casey unhappily took on the appearance of a destroying angel hovering over the contemplated oasis when Minerva visited him this August afternoon (without paying the slightest attention to the notice designating the hours most convenient for calls at the rectory) and learned that an evening wedding in the home was out of the question and even an afternoon wedding in the church was rarely tolerated. A few minutes conversation convinced Father Casey that a proper presentation of the case would easily induce Minerva to be married like a Christian with Mass and Holy Communion, were it not for her mother who was a worshipper of the two false gods, Wealth and Society. He accordingly determined on an encounter with the hardened old idolatress and told Minerva to bring her up to the rectory.

To the rectory she came the following evening in all her glory. She swished into the parlor amid a mighty rustling of silks intended to impress the Priest who was himself hopelessly behind the fashions. Father Casey, who had just finished listening to a poor widow's story of her starving children, paid no heed to the rustling silks, unless it was vaguely to wonder how many thousands of little slimy worms had squirmed away their existence that this woman might be clothed, and how many human beings, scarcely better treated than worms, were wearing out their lives that she might loll in luxury and lazy ease.

"My mamma, Father Casey," murmured Minerva.

"I am happy to make your acquaintance," said the Priest. "I understand that you have just taken possession of your new home in our parish."

"Oh Reverend Father, we have been here now a full month."

"So long as that! Last Sunday was the only time I noticed you at Mass. But we have so many strangers during the summer," he added quickly, "that I suppose I did not recognize you on the preceding Sundays."

The reasons with which Mrs. Seagrave had tried to quiet her conscience for missing Mass three out of her four Sundays in the parish now appeared so ridiculously weak and trivial that she was ashamed to mention them to the Priest. Accordingly she changed the subject.

"My daughter's account of her visit to your Reverence," she drawled, "has thrown my mind into confusion. I and many of my Catholic friends were not married in the morning with Mass. Am I to understand that the Church has made a new law which invalidates all marriages in future contracted without Mass and Communion?"

"Not at all," said Father Casey, "if Catholics are married in the presence of the lawful Pastor of the place or his delegate, the marriage is valid, whether it be celebrated during the day or during the night, whether in the church or outside of it."

"Then is it merely a law forbidding such marriages, without making them invalid?"

"No, madam, there is not even a general law of the Church commanding all Catholics to be married during Mass. It is, however, the most earnest wish of Holy Mother Church, it is the invariable practice of all good Catholics, it is most pleasing to our divine Saviour, and the sure means of bringing down His blessing upon the union. It is even a special law in some dioceses; for each Bishop has the right and duty to make regulations which he deems necessary for the spiritual welfare of his subjects."

"Is there a law to that effect in this diocese?"

"There is no law forbidding marriage without Mass; there is, however, a law in this diocese forbidding the celebration of marriage, except in case of necessity, in private houses."

"How aggravating!" murmured Mrs. Seagrave. "Then since it must be, we may as well arrange to have the wedding in the church—but not in the morning, that is so *common*."

"But so Catholic!" suggested the Priest.

"We, too, are Catholic," said Mrs. Seagrave, who thought sufficient deference was not being shown to her dignity and her dollars; "but we do not feel bound to follow every practice introduced by the igno-

rant and vulgar. We must not forget what we owe to our position in society."

"Neither must I forget what I owe to my position as Pastor. Your very position in society may make your bad example all the more harmful to souls."

"Then you refuse to perform the ceremony at the time we desire, even though there is no law of the Church to the contrary?" said Mrs. Seagrave, rising haughtily.

Father Casey was human. How he longed to tell this purse-proud aristocrat, "Yes, I do refuse!" but the thought of the immortal souls at stake restrained him. These poor slaves of fashion were weak enough in faith and strong enough in pride to sacrifice duty to show and to call in a Minister. The marriage thus contracted would be invalid in the sight of God; the contracting parties would be excommunicated; the very pride that led them into the sin would probably restrain them from making reparation for it; they would die in this state and be lost forever. Besides, what they asked was not sinful in itself and therefore, if they persisted, he doubted whether he would be justified in refusing. Then, too, a little patience with their arrogance might bring them to the right way of thinking. He therefore swallowed his anger and answered as calmly as he could:

"Madam, I refuse nothing that is reasonable. Let us examine the matter dispassionately. If after examination you still believe that the afternoon marriage is reasonable, I will consent to it. By an afternoon marriage your daughter will gain certain things and lose others. She will lose first of all the Nuptial Blessing."

"Why is that?" asked Mrs. Seagrave. "Will you not bless an afternoon marriage?"

"There is no such thing as a Nuptial Blessing for an afternoon marriage," said Father Casey. "This Blessing forms part of the ceremonies of the Mass that is said for the bride and groom, and hence where there is no Mass there can be no blessing. I presume, Mrs. Seagrave, that you have sometimes assisted at a wedding during Mass."

"Well—yes," drawled her highness, "our servants always get married during Mass."

Father Casey kept his temper admirably.

"Then you must have noticed," said he, "the Priest do something that he does during no other Mass. After the *Pater Noster* he makes a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament (for the host and the chalice

have already been consecrated), turns towards the people, and from the Missal reads a long Latin prayer over the bride and groom who are kneeling before him in the sanctuary. This prayer, read during the most solemn part of the Mass, by the Priest, who a moment earlier held Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in his hands and who a moment later will receive Him into his heart, this prayer is the Nuptial Blessing. It is directed towards the bride and calls down upon her every earthly and heavenly blessing that will make her faithful and happy in her new state of life, the joy of her husband, the guardian angel of the newly-founded home. A woman can receive this blessing but once in her life; therefore a widow who received it at her first marriage cannot receive it when she marries again. There are some that say a woman that has lost her virtue before her marriage cannot receive this blessing; but that statement is untrue; such a woman stands in double need of this Blessing, and Holy Mother Church, in mercy, grants it to her. This rich Blessing your daughter will in all probability forfeit if she is married in the afternoon."

"You say, 'in all probability'; is there then some chance of her receiving it?"

"Absolutely speaking yes; a married couple can come to a special Mass and receive the Nuptial Blessing at any time after their marriage. Practically speaking, no; in all my Priestly career I have never known a couple to do so. That is, I have never known two Catholics, who neglected being married during Mass, to come later on merely for the Nuptial Blessing. I have often seen persons who contracted a mixed marriage (in a mixed marriage the Nuptial Blessing can never be given) come for this Blessing after the conversion of the non-Catholic party."

"But with the wedding in the morning," soliloquised Mrs. Seagrave, "we would be obliged to give up all thought of a banquet."

"Say, rather," corrected the Priest, "that it is a choice between two banquets; the one consisting of the flesh of dead animals and resulting in dullness of mind and perhaps indisposition of body; the other consisting of the living Body and Blood, the Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ and resulting in a most intimate union with Him, the Lord and Giver of all good."

"Minerva," said Mrs. Seagrave, "it is really too bad that you cannot receive Holy Communion; it seems so very appropriate, but I am sure that the Van Dykes, and several other of our most distinguished

friends would not come if we were to have the wedding in the morning."

"Here again," said the Priest, "it is a choice between two kinds of guests; if you have the wedding in the afternoon you will make sure of guests (provided they do not receive some more desirable invitation in the meantime) who, for all you know, may despise you in their heart, who will come more for their own satisfaction than to give you pleasure, who will secretly criticise and pick flaws in your efforts to entertain them, who will select their presents in the mean spirit of barter, calculating on the presents you have given or are likely to give. On the other hand, if you have the wedding in the morning with Mass and Holy Communion, you will make sure of a guest of the royal line, the King of kings, who has loved you with an everlasting love, who will allow no power in heaven or on earth to hinder Him from responding to your invitation, who will be gratefully pleased with every little effort you make to entertain Him, who will measure His gifts only by His own infinite generosity and not by any favor He expects in return."

Father Casey paused a moment; Minerva looked beseechingly at her mother; Mrs. Seagrave was silent; there were some galling truths in what she had just heard. In a solemn and impressive voice the Priest continued:

"When a young woman says to the man of her choice: 'I take thee for my lawful husband, to have and to hold from this day forward for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, *till death do us part*', she performs an action that will go far towards deciding her fate in this world and in the world to come. By these words she may be beginning a life of love and peace and joy, or she may be beginning a very hell upon earth; she may be laying the cornerstone of a happy Christian home where she will reign as queen, or she may be delivering herself up a slave to the passions of a human brute; she may be entering upon a union that will grow stronger and more sacred year by year until it is sealed forever in heaven, or she may be binding herself by a contract which a pagan divorce law will try to shatter before the orange blossoms in her wreath have faded. If ever in this mortal life a woman needs prayers it is at that fateful moment. She may marry in the afternoon when not a single prayer will be breathed to avert the misery that threatens her or to obtain the blessings that could be hers; or she may marry during Holy Mass when



Jesus Christ, whose briefest prayer is a million times more powerful than the united supplications of all the Angels and Saints, is pleading with His Eternal Father in her behalf, yea, during Holy Mass, when Jesus Christ is offering up His priceless Blood in exchange for God's best blessings upon the man and woman at that moment joined in the indissoluble bonds of holly wedlock."

Mrs. Seagrave quickly brushed away something that looked very like a tear. She had been thinking how ruthlessly experience had shattered all the glittering ideals of her own marriage day; she had been thinking of her married life, its disappointments, its emptiness, its hypocrisy, its secret anguish and external deceit, and she had been wondering "what might have been" had she not foolishly preferred the meretricious glamour of a fashionable wedding to the presence and blessing of Jesus Christ.

"If you please, Father," she said humbly, "we will have the wedding during Mass, and at a sufficiently early hour to enable Minerva and her husband to receive Holy Communion."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

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## THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

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*Luke X, 31-37.*

*Circumstances.* The day is not indicated. But the narratives preceding and following show that all occurs but a few months before Our Lord's death. This thought makes the parable all the more pathetic. The place is not pointed out precisely either. It is very likely that this parable was spoken in Jericho. The preceding chapter tells us that Our Lord was coming to Jerusalem by way of Samaria and Perea, and so he probably crossed the fords near Jericho and then rested in this city. Besides, the next scene shows Him in Bethany, the home of Martha and Mary. Now Bethany lies on the road from Jericho to Jerusalem. We may also imagine that all was spoken in a synagogue. Verse 25 states that the lawyer "stood up" to propose his question; therefore he had been sitting down till now as listeners in the synagogues did. Furthermore, his very purpose of tripping our Lord in His speech, as well as his evident anxiety to justify himself, intimate that a large number of persons were present. Then we remember that similar incidents often took place in synagogues. The occasion is



furnished by the tilt with the lawyer, especially by his last question: "Who is my neighbor?" The Pharisees were an exclusive class, and associated only with one another, and despised the common people. The nation, conscious of God's special preference which had selected them as the chosen people, began to restrict the limits of their charity to the limits of their nation. Echoes of this narrowness are met with in the Talmud. Then the lawyer's question sounds chill and loveless. Just as the mountain-climber among the Alps is oft surprised to find the daintiest flowers growing from the dreariest rock, so from the heartless query of the lawyer blooms the fragrant flower of Christ's charity. Here is the lesson He gave.

*The Wanderer's Misfortune.* (v. 30.) The man was in all probability a Judean. This is warranted by the direction in which he goes, "from Jerusalem to Jericho." Is he returning from a journey of devotion to the Holy City? Was it a visit on matters of business? There is no hint in the text. His road is still traceable. Probably he left Jerusalem by the Gate of St. Stephen. The old Roman road then went straight east across the Kedron and over the summit of Mount Olivet. Here it turned sharply to the north and entered the Wadi Er Rawabi, which it pursued in a northeasterly direction till it reached Jericho. The grade is downhill all the way. For while Jerusalem lies about 2600 feet above the level of the sea, Jericho lies about 900 feet below, about 3624 feet lower than Jerusalem. The distance by road is estimated about eighteen miles or six hours. This region is simply ideal for robbers. First of all, there was plunder enough to lure them on. For we know that the Jews made their yearly pilgrimages to Jerusalem bringing rich gifts to the temple. They could not pass through Samaria on account of the hostility of the inhabitants. Moreover, Jericho was a prosperous town. It was called the city of Palms. There was much communication and traffic here. Herod and Archelaus were lavish in their contributions to the number and splendor of its buildings. Besides all this, the region afforded shelter and security. It was furrowed by deep and precipitous gullies. Josephus describes the land as "desolate and stony". Hence none lived here but the outlaws of Israel and the wild Beduins. Pompey was the first Roman to visit this vicinity and his principal care was to demolish the strongholds of these robbers. Even nowadays, we hear of similar incidents and travellers usually hire the company of a Beduin guard. Some even fancy that they can recover the exact spot of the tragedy. Already St. Jerome points out

a place known as the "ascent of Adommin", about midway between Jerusalem and Jericho. He says that it is called the place of blood because much blood was shed there by the frequent raids of the robber bands. He adds that in consequence of its evil reputation the Romans had a strong force stationed here to guard the road; and this even in the fourth century. Later on when the Crusaders built a castle in the neighborhood it was called the castle of blood. So the parable exactly suits the surroundings. The robbers did their work thoroughly. Their poor victim was not only robbed but also stripped of all his clothing, wounded, and left half-dead. This appears to be a very ordinary course of events. In some cases it is wanton cruelty; in other cases it is prompted by chagrin because of slender booty; sometimes it is done as a precaution in their own defence, thus preventing their victim from giving the alarm ere they are in safety.

*Priest and Levite.* (v. 31-32.) It must have been a sight to win the pity of the most insensible heart. And see: by merest chance a priest comes down the road. Surely he will halt and relieve the poor sufferer. He cannot help seeing the man. He cannot help being alive to his distress, for, many a time along the lonely road, he must have trembled at the thought of a similar fate threatening him. He cannot help feeling an impulse to assist him, for as a priest he should know the law of Exodus XXIII, 5: "If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lie underneath his burden thou shalt not pass by, but thou shalt lift it up with him." He is just coming from the temple where he probably took part in the magnificent ceremonial and heard the beautiful prayers pleading to God for mercy on his people so heavily oppressed. And yet with all this he passed by coldly, mercilessly. The listeners must have been surprised and mortified. But further, also a Levite passes there. He belonged to that tribe especially consecrated to God and His service. Their voices were raised for the instruction of the people in every city and hamlet, and the temple courts would ring with their chants and psalms. Alas, he too comes, looks timidly at the sufferer, may hesitate a moment, but—passes by. Our Lord does not utter a syllable of censure. But the picture is clear and its lesson unmistakable.

*The Good Samaritan.* (v. 33-35.) "But a Samaritan being on his journey came near him." The very mention of that name must have riveted their attention. The Samaritan was detested by the Judean. First of all, he came of the hated stock of the Cuthite and the other

heathen nations settled in the land of the Ten Tribes by Salmanasar. Besides that he differed in points of faith and practice from the many details introduced by the Pharasaic schools which were predominant in Judea. This hatred appears even in the pages of Holy Writ. For example, we read in Eccli. L, 27, "there are two nations which my soul abhorreth; and the third is no nation, which I hate: they that sit on Mt. Seir, and the Philistines, and the foolish people that dwell in Sichem." It was the Samaritans who dwelt in Sichem. And now a Samaritan appears on the scene. He too sees the unfortunate wanderer and pauses awhile. Pity gained the victory in his heart. And lo, charity begins its work. He bends over the wounded man and pours oil and wine on his sores. It was quite natural to have these things, for bread and oil and wine formed the ordinary fare of the Palestinians until the days of Mohamed. Julicher, a celebrated commentator of the rationalistic type, asserts that Our Lord could not have spoken this passage. His argument is this: Dioscorus teaches that in case of poisoning the patient should be externally rubbed with oil and inwardly strengthened by wine which must be poured down his throat. Well! Well! This is not a case of poisoning. Whereas in case of wounds the assistance described here is just the form oftenest mentioned in reliable records. For instance, we read in Columella: "Fractures in men and animals are healed by wrapping them in cloths saturated with wine and oil." Pliny also ranks oil and wine among the most effective remedies of his day. Even nowadays the same treatment is still in use among the Beduins as travellers certify.

The wounded man must have breathed freely at this unexpected relief. But the charity of the Samaritan was not exhausted. Very probably his next care was to share his own garments with his patient and wrap his own cloak about him. Then he raised him with infinite pains upon his own beast of burden and led the way on foot to the nearest inn. The inn of course was a primitive affair. A fence was erected enclosing an open space. A narrow roof was raised along one or more sides of this fence, projecting just high enough to shelter the man. The baggage and animals had to remain out in the uncovered enclosure. No beds were to be expected here, for the traveller simply rolled himself up in his mantle and slept on the ground. Meals were not served, for the traveller generally carried his own provisions with him.

This affords the Samaritan an opportunity of adding new luster to his charity. He entrusts his patient to the care of the man whom

he found in charge of the inn. He offers him two pence or denarii. One denarius equalled about twenty cents, and constituted the usual day's wages of hired help. But as a workman could live for considerably less than a denarius, this money would suffice for his support during several days. But even now the good Samaritan was not content. Seeing the poor condition of the sufferer he turns to the inn-keeper: "Whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above I at my return will repay thee." This is truly generous.

And now when Our Lord turns upon his insidious questioner, asking who proved himself the neighbor of him that fell among the robbers, the answer was quite clear. The deep-grained antipathy and sullen pride of the Jew rings through his answer. He cannot bring himself to answer point blank: "The Samaritan." But he brings out the truth much clearer by his roundabout sentence: "He that showed mercy". Our Lord is satisfied, and bids him go and do in like manner. The word mercy awoke a responsive cord in his Sacred Heart, for mercy reigns supreme there. The parable is entrancing. But its splendor pales when compared with all He did for us in sober truth. Mankind lay upon the road of life; waylaid by foulest fiends and doomed to a more terrible death. Our Lord came as the Samaritan, came even though He knew that hatred would meet Him and hunt Him to death and blaspheme His memory for ages to come. He did not recoil at the sight of our worthlessness, though He saw in us but wretched traitors. He bends over our wounds and pours on them not wine and oil but His own most Precious Blood. He gives for us not only a few coins but His life on the cross. He provides for us not an earthly bread but offers His own Body for life eternal.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

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The courts are instituted to administer justice and hinder crime. When we see them acquit the beautiful and brilliant Madame Caillaux while they would have unhesitatingly condemned to death any ordinary individual who would have done the same deed, we ask, do they administer justice? When we see them encourage the dramatic narratives of lust and intrigue made in the courtroom and carefully repeated in the newspapers of the world we ask, Do they hinder crime?

## "WILLIE IN A NEW ROLE."

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"Good gracious!" said Father Johnson as he threw himself down on the grass before us, "this has been a scorcher."

"Yes, everyone seems to be suffering with the heat today," I answered, "the contrast is great on account of the delightfully cool weather we generally have."

He fanned himself with a large straw hat he usually wore on the lake.

"I went to bed last night thinking about those Gogartys. What a pair of hypocrites! And singing in the choir, too! And mind you, that John Gogarty owner of the saloon and heading the Prohibition ticket! That's the best ever. How did Joe come out of that mix-up, Father?"

The Missionary smiled.

### I.

When Joe Gogarty arose from the recumbent position which he had so unexpectedly and unwillingly assumed, he didn't come up smiling. He was a sorry sight. His otherwise handsome face was distorted with rage, and the blood trickled down the left side of his nose from a jagged cut in the corner of his eye inflicted by his broken eye-glasses. Mike Halpin and his sturdy assistants had a task for a minute or so keeping the two brothers apart. But when John raised his eyes and beheld the row of whiskey-illuminated faces with the red-headed girl in the center peering at him through the clear panes in the door and all grinning, he suddenly realized that the whole thing was ludicrous and that he and his brother were simply making a "Roman holiday" for the natives. A disgusted smile stole over his features and tapping Mike on the shoulder he said:

"You're right, Mike, you're right. This is foolish. An old affair of boyhood days Joe threw at me got my temper up and I forgot myself. All right, now, Joe and I will go up to bed; and here, you just clear that rubbish out of this," nodding towards the door.

"All right, Mr. Gogarty," said Mike, and taking his companions by the arm he made for the door, taking with him into the saloon the motley throng with the red-headed pianist. Then, John beckoning him back, pressed a dollar into his hand.

"Take this, Mike, for yourself, and soak that crowd for all they're worth. My funds are running low, and the election is not far away."

"Trust me for that," rejoined Mike, pocketing the dollar, "but remember the boys are having a holiday these days and they're not earning anything."

"Don't let them have it on tick," said John.

"Only a few of the best ones," replied Mike; "must keep 'em on a string, you know. Can't afford to let 'em go down to Tom Sykes."

"You're right," said John, "you know how, Mike. Well and good. Keep 'em on a string, keep 'em on a string. Good night!"

"Good night, Mr. Gogarty!" and Mike vanished into the saloon.

John closed and locked the door after him, and taking Joe, he led him up the stairs into the private sleeping room, and there, with considerable difficulty, he at last got him to bed, for Joe was still quite belligerent.

"Now, lie quiet there," said John soothingly, "and I'll fix you up. 'Twould be too bad for you to show up at the Infirmary tomorrow with such a front as you have now. Besides you wouldn't look very well singing a duet with Miss Grace tomorrow at the High Mass." And John grinned sardonically. "What would the good Sisters and Miss Queen think, if they saw you in your present plight?"

Joe groaned and muttered a curse. "You're responsible for it," he said.

"Not at all, not at all," said John, "just learn how to hold your tongue. Come, my boy, forget it." And going over to the washstand, he poured out some water in a bowl which he placed on a chair at Joe's bedside. With considerable lifting and pulling he got Joe's head over it and with a soft sponge bathed his face and eyes. After this process he placed Joe's head back on the pillow. "How's that?" he said. "Feel better?"

"O d—n it, it's better than nothing," replied Joe.

"You don't seem to be very grateful for my fraternal attentions," and John grinned. Then opening a wall-closet he displayed a row of bottles all labelled—in fact, a very fine surgeon's outfit. Mike was ready for any emergency, for, as he himself said, "you don't know what moment a splint, or a plaster, or some arnica or carbolic acid will be necessary around a saloon."

John Barleycorn has a way of getting people into altercations and fights. I doubt if Dr. Mudd himself had a better outfit in his alligator

case. Joe had equipped this closet from the Sisters' pharmacopia, but he little thought at the time that he himself would so soon be its beneficiary.

"What shall I apply to that cut and those bruises?" said John.

"A little of that arnica will do," said Joe. "Be quick about it, and get out of my sight."

John grinned, and taking down a large bottle of arnica he bathed Joe's eye and face with it. Then taking some absorbent cotton he bound it over the eye, saying:

"Now, Joe, let bygones be bygones. Forget it. Let's work together."

"Get you gone," muttered Joe, "I'll see you tomorrow."

John's face flushed with anger and he clenched his fist as if to strike the helpless man, but his better nature conquered, and dragging over a Japanese screen, he arranged it around the head of the bed, turned out the light, raised the window curtain and sat there in the dark, silent, watching the stars.

"The conceited mutt," he ejaculated, "to think that Grace Maloney would marry him!"

In a few moments a long-drawn snore appraised him of the fact that Joe had dropped off into a drunken slumber, dead to the world, its joys and sorrows.

"What fools these mortals be," said Father Johnson. "Think of a man endowed with godlike reason lowering himself below the level of the brute. No wonder the women are up in arms for prohibition."

"No wonder, indeed," I said.

## II.

Monday afternoon about four o'clock Willie and Jimmie Bilkins might have been seen in the little yard back of the stable playing cowboy. They had spent the forenoon in Simms' woods trying out the guns, and both of them had made a record. Jimmie had bagged three jaybirds and Willie, who was a more experienced hunter, had flushed a covey of partridges, and, following them for an hour through the woods, had brought down eight, as fine and plump as you ever saw. It was the funniest thing to watch the manoeuvres of those two boys getting away in the morning. Simms' woods was about three miles away, so they concluded to get out Billy Buttons. Besides, Willie was just itching for an opportunity to use the new saddle and bridle. Billy Buttons decked out in his new accoutrements was indeed the prince



of steeds. Mose had given him a special brushing and his glossy coat of beaten gold shone like satin. He felt every inch of himself, too, arched his neck, rolled the whites of his eyes, and switched his magnificent tail with as much self-consciousness as a young lady with a new dress. But there was a problem for the boys to solve. Would B. B. carry double! He had never been tried. And Jimmie Bilkins was a little nervous. Noting which Willie made remarks which were not reassuring.

"If he begins to kick and plunge, Jimmie, just wind your arms around my waist and hold on like grim death."—"If he tries to bite your legs, pull them up right under you, and he can't reach them."—"If you find that you can't stay on, try to drop on your feet, at least, like a cat, but don't let him kick you as you go down."—"But, Jimmie, don't be skeert, we'll play a trick on him. We'll both get on at the same time, and then he'll never know there's two."

So they laid their guns on the top rail of the fence and Jimmie climbed the fence and stood ready on the same rail. Willie brought B. B. over near the fence and holding a tight rein so the horse couldn't turn his head to look, he mounted from the ground, Jimmie slipping right on behind at the same moment. But they didn't fool Billy Buttons. He knew there was something wrong. He knew very well that Willie hadn't doubled his weight in two days. So he backed his ears, switched his tail savagely and kicked up once or twice, Jimmie holding on for dear life, and Willie laughing uncontrollably; then he settled down quite nicely. But to make "assurance doubly sure," Willie rode around the block, and seeing no disposition on the part of the horse to be frisky, they took their guns and started. Every darkey on the way stopped to grin at B. B. for they all knew him—but he?—he went along as sedately as if he were heading a Sunday-school parade.

And now at four in the afternoon we find them back of the stable playing cowboy. The old steam-engine has gone dead. The steam-gauge registers not one ounce of steam. Willie is the cowboy 'a la mode'. In his right hand he swings in wide circles around his head his Mexican lariat. Jimmie is a wild steer curvetting across a limitless prairie. As he rushes by like the wind, wildly brandishing his long horns, he is suddenly brought to his knees, when the lariat thrown by an unerring arm whistles through the air and the noose drops over his head quick and sharp and is drawn taut with a jerk that almost strangles him. Thus the game goes on fast and furious for a full hour



without cessation, each taking his turn as steer and cowboy. At last it is five o'clock and Willie must go to get ready and dress for Uncle Stanhope's dinner.

### III.

Grace had made elaborate preparations for this dinner to Uncle Stanhope. The entire family loved him devotedly and they lost no opportunity of showing their regard and affection. The dinner was fine and the service perfect. Besides all the other good things, Willie's eight partridges came in handy. A whole one was given Uncle Stanhope, who was quite fond of them, and he voted this one the finest he had ever tasted. You may be sure Willie felt very proud, and the more so when he learned that Uncle Stanhope was the Santa Klaus who had brought B. B. that splendid outfit at a cost of fifty dollars. 'Twas a strange disposition of Divine Providence that Miss Queen was next to Uncle Stanhope and Karl next to Grace, but Divine Providence does take a hand in sublunary affairs, and also helps those who help themselves.

"I wouldn't be surprised," broke in Father Johnson, "if there were some designs in that Grace's little head."

Father Horrell and his assistant, Father Stanton, arrived at the last moment, and as no one except Grace and her mother expected them, the pleasure occasioned by their arrival was all the greater. Uncle Stanhope fairly beamed with delight. The dinner was the greatest success, not the slightest hitch anywhere. When it was over the men adjourned to the library for a smoke, and the ladies to the drawing-room where they indulged in a little harmless gossip. Uncle Stanhope got started telling war stories—some of his adventures around Port Hudson—running the blockade of Vicksburg—how himself and a dozen companions lived three days on six hardtacks—and how an old hen, with a brood of chickens whipped three soldiers who were out foraging for supplies. He had all the men in roars of laughter at his droll stories and his quaint way of telling them. Uncle Stanhope was just in the middle of one of his most exciting war episodes, gesticulating with both hands, telling how he escaped one dark night afoot from three mounted Yankees who were trying to capture him, when Grace's clear soprano broke in from the drawing room. She was singing a plaintive old song, "Lilly Dale". Uncle Stanhope broke off at once.

"We can't miss that," he said. But his audience insisted.

"No, no—go on—finish—give us this first."

So Uncle Stanhope shortened his story, after which the men trooped into the drawing room, where a concert was in full swing. Miss Queen, Grace, Karl (Marguerite had seen to it that his own violin, in good shape, was on hand this time), Isabel Murphries, Katherine with some choice recitations, and some others, gave an entertainment which would be worth travelling far to hear. Willie was sitting on a low stool between Uncle Stanhope's knees, with his arms thrown over them as if on crutches. Occasionally his curly head would drop back into Uncle Stanhope's lap, who invariably gave his nose a good pinch. Suddenly, as Isabelle was in the middle of a charming piano solo, Willie sat bolt upright. His sharp ears had caught a note unobserved by the others. He rose and whispered to Uncle Stanhope:

"I hear Billy Buttons neighing. I wonder what's the matter with him."

Then he whispered to his mother:

"I'm going out to the stable to see if Billy Buttons is all right."

His mother nodded and he disappeared. A few steps brought him to the large, sliding stable door, which stood slightly open. The waxing moon hung low in the West casting a kind of spectral light through the bare branches, and clothing the evergreens as with a silvery veil. As Willie reached the opening he heard a low gasping groan. His heart quickened and he stood breathless, listening intently. But all was still, the interior in deep darkness.

"Who's there? What's the matter?" said Willie.

No answer. He could hear Big Ben crunching some corn between his big teeth, and the switching of B. B.'s tail.

"Mose," said Willie, "is that you?"

Then came the sound of a faint, gasping voice:

"Y-a-a-s, Marse—Willie—I's hurt—come—hyar."

Willie stepped inside.

"What's the matter with you? What hurt you?"

Just then, Willie, in the cimmerian darkness, tripped over Mose's prostrate body.

"O—Marse—Willie—I'se—hurt. I'se—dyin'. Git—a—light."

Willie groped his way to the electric button, and, on pressing it, the light revealed Mose doubled up on the floor, his face ashen and distorted with agony.

"What happened?" said Willie.

"Dat—Big—Ben," gasped Mose, "he—done—kicked—me—right—square—in—my—belly. Marse—Willie—I'se—a—goner—shore."

"Uncle Stanhope told you to keep out of reach of Big Ben's heels."

"O—Marse—Willie,—I'se—almost—gone. Bress—God—you—done—come. I—wants—to—be—a—Catholic. I—don't—belong—to—no—church. I—ain't—never—been—baptized."

Willie was dumbfounded. That matter of private Baptism had come up in Catechism class only a few days before. Father Horrell had called upon Willie to exemplify the manner of baptizing privately in case of necessity. It was, indeed, providential that the whole thing was so fresh in Willie's memory. But the idea of a little boy like him baptizing a grown man. That was too much for his youthful comprehension.

"Wait, till I call Father Horrell," said Willie, moving towards the door.

"O—no, no, Marse—Willie,—dere—ain't—no—time. I'se—gettin' cold—all—over. Dere's—some—water—in—dat—pail."

"Do you believe in one God?" said Willie.

"I—sholy—does."

"Do you believe in three Divine Persons, in God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost?"

"'Deed—I—does."

"Do you believe that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, became man, and died to save us?"

"Y-a-a-s, indeed."

"Do you believe that the good go to heaven and the bad to hell?"

"You—bet—I—does."

"Do you believe that the Catholic Church is the one, only, true Church of God?"

"Y-a-a-s, I suttinly does, Marse Willie."

"And did you ever commit any sin?"

"Did—I?" said Mose, rolling his eyes and lifting his hands, "as—many—as—de—stars—in—heaven."

"Are you sorry for your sins?"

"Is I? Marse—Willie,—I—ought—to—be—shot."

"Great, great!" exclaimed Father Johnson enthusiastically. "That's what I call real humility, no hunch-back humility there."

Mose's voice was getting weaker and weaker, pursued the Missionary, taking no heed of Father Johnson's interruption, and with

these last words a spasm of pain swept over his ashen features. Willie hurried to the pail and dipped up some water in a tin cup, then, hastening back to Mose's side, he leaned over him. Mose was lying very still. A great fear welled up in Willie's heart that he might be too late.

"Mose," he cried out, "Mose, do you hear me?"

There was a slight fluttering of Mose's eyelids.

"Mose, I'm going to baptize you now, do you hear?"

Mose's lips opened, but only an inarticulate sound came forth. Willie raised the cup and began pouring the water gently on Mose's forehead in a steady stream, and while doing so, he uttered the words:

"I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Just then Billy Buttons gave a piercing neigh. Mose opened his eyes and slightly raised his hands. Willie leaned over to catch his words.

"O—Marse—Willie, —I—sees—de —glory—ob—de —Kingdom—come."

A spasm, a gasp, a rattling in the throat, one long drawn sigh, and Mose's soul, clothed in its baptismal innocence, was before the throne of God. Who will say that God's angels, around His great white throne, did not receive it with a paean of triumph?

I glanced at Father Johnson. His face was set in the intensest sympathy. I thought I saw tear-drops gathering in his eyes. But I'm not sure, for my spectacles seemed to be blurred at that moment.

Willie, went on the Missionary, by some instinct, knew that the end was come, and a great sob tore his throat. Rising, he staggered to the door. 'Twas the first time he had ever been alone with death. Fear lent wings to his feet and he flew across the stable lot and up the steps. . . . Mrs. Maloney began to show signs of nervousness when Willie did not soon return, and once she went out into the hall and stood for some minutes with her face pressed against the back door pane looking out at the stable. Then mastering herself she returned to her guests. Uncle Stanhope had been induced to sing "Ben Bolt," his reputation having got abroad. He had just sung the words with great tenderness:

"In the old church yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,  
In a corner obscure and alone,  
They had fitted a slab of the granite so gray,  
And sweet Alice lies under the stone."

When Mrs. Maloney heard Willie's quick step on the porch. The door flew open and Willie, sobbing hysterically, rushed to his mother's side, threw his arms around her neck and dropped his head upon her shoulder.

"Mother, Mose is dead. Big Ben kicked him, and I baptized him."

"What? Dead? Mose?" exclaimed Mrs. Maloney.

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

NOTE—In the October Liguorian: "Father Horrell Jubilates."

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"We have abandoned the *home school* and almost all its principles. It made men. We are so busy making money, spending money, that we have no time for making men. We educate our children by the thousand and no longer by the one. Our learning, like much of our living, has been syndicated. But the men we have given to the world, who put humanity in their debt, were mother-taught in the little school of the Home. Washington, Webster, Greeley, Lincoln, Mark Twain, Edison—all were educated in it. It was the cradle of American pre-eminence."—Irving Bacheller in the *New York Times*.

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#### OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

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Oh, ever help me, Mother mine,  
And ask thy Infant Jesus for the grace  
Which I do need: see, with a beaming face  
He places both His little hands in thine;  
As, while His eyes with tender mercy shine,  
He gives all gifts and graces unto thee,  
That with them thou mayest ever succor me,  
And keep me ever His and ever thine;  
And lead me onward, Mother, through the night  
Of fear and sorrow, to that endless day  
Where reign true peace and never-failing light,  
And love and happiness that ne'er decay.  
Then, when the night is past, and then alone,  
Will all thy loving care for us be known.

—William Henry Kent, in *Carmina Mariana*.

	<b>Catholic Anecdotes</b>	
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### A WISE FOOL.

In olden times it was the custom for kings to have a jester or "fool" who had his queer cap and tunic trimmed with jingling bells. It was the duty of the jester to keep his master in good spirits and be ready to make a joke at any time, no matter how serious the circumstances. It came to pass naturally that these professional fun-makers were often men of great wit and learning, frequently wiser than those who called them fools; and many a covert lesson was conveyed in frivolous words, and many severe reprimands were bestowed, covered up under light phrases, and always excused on account of the clown's special privilege of free speech.

One nobleman in England had, at about the time jesters began to go out of fashion, a bright fellow attached to his suite in that capacity. To him his master gave a staff or wand of office. "Keep it," he told him, "until you shall find a greater fool than yourself."

The jester accepted the gift in the spirit in which it was given and used to flourish the wand on festive occasions of state.

But even the laughter and jollity with which the nobleman took such care to be surrounded, could not prevent a visit from the master, Death, to whom we must all sooner or later submit; and he lay on the couch from which he was soon to be carried to the tomb of his fathers. All the well-meant consolations of his servants and friends were of no avail; he wished only to see the poor fool who had done his best to make a troubled life more happy. The jester was summoned to his presence.

"I have sent for you," said the nobleman in a weak voice, "to tell you that I am going on a long journey."

"Whither?" asked the jester.

"To a far country—in truth to another world," answered the dying man.

"How long will you be gone—a month perhaps?"

"Longer than that."

"A year—you will not be gone a whole year."

"I shall be gone forever."

"O my dear Lord!" said the poor fellow, "have you made provisions for the journey, and have you arranged for your entertainment in that other world where you are to stay so long?"

The nobleman shook his head.

"But you have made arrangements for your reception? They know you are coming and will be glad?"

"They, whoever they may be, have no announcement of my coming that I know of. For neither my journey to nor sojourn in that far country have I made preparation."

For the last time the jester availed himself of a jester's privileged speech. Putting the wand of office into the hand of his master, he said solemnly:

"Here, take this. You bade me give it to one who was a greater fool than I. You are going to another world, to be gone forever, and you start without provision for the journey or certainty of finding friends there; surely the wand belongs to you."—*Omaha True Voice*.

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#### A THOUGHT THAT CONVERTS SINNERS.

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Mgr. de Segur tells of the first hardened sinner he won back to God. The hospital ward which I was to visit that day, he says, was in charge of a Sister of Charity who had grown old in this heroic work, and who was as zealous in caring for the wants of the soul as she was indefatigable in relieving the sufferings of the body.

"O Father, go to number thirty-nine," she said to me, "he is a fallen-away Catholic of thirty-two or thirty-three, a poor fellow in the last stages of consumption who will be dead in a few days. I could do nothing with him, neither could the chaplain; one of your confreres tried (it was Father Oliviant) and he succeeded no better. It is probable that he will tell you to get out too. But, Father, there is question of the salvation of a poor soul."

"Very well, Sister, if he tells me to get out, why I'll get out; that's all. That won't do me any serious damage. Only be sure to say a Hail Mary for this unfortunate fellow while I go to speak to him."

From bed to bed I went till I came to my number thirty-nine. I was forcibly struck by his appearance; I could see death on every feature; his excessive leanness gave a strange effect to his black eyes.

I approached the bed; he regarded me fixedly without a word. I

asked him how he felt. No answer! "Are you suffering much now?" I inquired. "Could I do anything to help you?" Not a word!

My position was growing awkward; I could see by the threatening fire in his black eyes that he was on the verge of breaking out into a torrent of rage. At this moment (was it the good Sister's prayers?) God gave me a sudden inspiration. I stooped over him quickly and said in a low tone:

"Did you make a good First Communion?"

This question had the same effect upon him as an electric shock. He made a slight movement, his expression changed completely, and he murmured rather than spoke:

"Yes, Father."

"And tell me, weren't you happy then?"

"Yes, Father," he said in a faltering voice, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. I took his hand.

"And why were you happy then if not because you were pure, chaste, loving and fearing God, in a word, because you were a good Catholic? But you can have this same happiness again; the good God has not changed."

He continued to weep.

"Come; are you not willing to be happy again?"

"Yes, Father," he said, pressing my hand to his lips. "Help me to confess my sins and make my peace with God."

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### "GO AND DO LIKEWISE."

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A large Catholic hospital in New York City investigates the home conditions of all the patients in the poor wards, and provides care, food, and employment for them and their families. A Catholic hospital in Washington furnishes coal, groceries, and clothing to partially dependent families; besides that it maintains a day nursery and a school of cooking and sewing for the poor. In Paterson, New Jersey, St. Luke's Guild keeps a record of the free hours of the Catholic nurses of the city and assigns them to care for the sick poor during that time either in the home or in the hospital. A powerful organization is just being formed in Chicago to assist "homeless, friendless, and jobless" young men and women of the Catholic faith in that city.



	<b>Pointed Paragraphs</b>	
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**A NEW IMPETUS FOR THE LIGUORIAN.**

The Superiors of all the Redemptorist houses of the Western Province of the United States held a Provincial Conference in St. Louis during the week beginning August 2. From the records of their convention we quote the following: Be it resolved that the Superiors of the Province encourage, commend, and congratulate the Professors of Oconomowoc on the excellent work they are doing in publishing the *Liguorian*; and be it further resolved that the Superiors labor to promote this work and that the missionaries, whenever they deem it prudent, do the same; and be it further resolved that these resolutions be published in the next issue of the *Liguorian*.

Further, the *Liguorian* feels a legitimate pride in being able to draw the attention of its readers to the cordial approbation and blessing recently imparted to the *Liguorian* by His Eminence, Cardinal Van Rossum, C. Ss. R. (See inside of front cover.)

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**WAR.**

The dogs of war have been loosed, and the soil of Europe is bathed in the blood of her bravest sons. Dread visitation from the Almighty Ruler to humble the pride of man! "We will be like God," cried the proud angels and they refused to adore their Maker. These spirits, blackened by that sin, were driven from the presence of the All-Holy God, and pride received its due reward.

"We will be like God," said our first parents, and they greedily grasped the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and of evil. By that sin they forfeited all right to the supernatural state to which God had raised them, and which He had intended them to transmit to their children. Sickness, sin, and death entered the world by their presumption, and pride received its due reward.

"We will be like God," boasted the nineteenth-century man, puffed up beyond endurance because he has hoarded up a few pieces of the precious metal which the Creator placed in the earth or learned a few of the forces which He implanted in the universe. In his arrogance

he thought to make men perfect without removing the effects of original sin; he thought to introduce the millenium without the help of God; he thought to establish universal peace while excluding from his counsels the Pope, the Vicar of the Prince of Peace. For one moment God ceased to restrain the passions of jealousy, ambition, anger, that are ever ready to overthrow right reason in the soul of every man. The passions of jealousy, anger, ambition, burst forth and plunged the continent of Europe in war—the most bloody war in the annals of the world. When the passions of jealousy, ambition and anger shall have had their sway, an humbled world will look up from among the festering bodies, the ruined homes and impoverished lands and acknowledge, pride has received its due reward.

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#### AFTER VACATION.

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A little innocent relaxation from time to time is good for all of us. We can think more clearly afterwards, speak more kindly, work harder, and even pray better. Then why is the "blue Monday" feeling so prevalent after vacation? Often because the persons in question have taken more than a little innocent relaxation. They have broken their good resolutions—squandered more money than they could afford, staid away longer than they were allowed, overstepped the bounds of temperance, violated the laws of propriety, modesty, or even honor, for the sake of a passing pleasure. If this was their first time to experience how weak are human resolutions in the presence of strong temptations, then we would have nothing to say of them except that they have gained some very useful knowledge but have purchased it at a fearful price.

If however this year's infidelity to purpose and consequent remorse is nothing but a sickening repetition of what has happened many a summer before, then there is something seriously wrong. God gave them reason, why do they not use it? Reason tells them it is unreasonable to take resolutions continually and never make any serious effort to keep them; reason tells them that unless they make some efforts over and above what they made during preceding years, these new resolutions will be as worthless as the old. What new efforts should they make? They should seek help where alone help is to be found—in humble prayer to God. The insufferable pride which made them

put all their trust in their own strength of will and neglect to ask assistance from God—that insufferable pride was the cause of all their failures in the past; how it can still survive after so many shameful defeats is a mystery.

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### THE CHURCH AHEAD OF THE TIMES.

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Speaking of the copartnership between workers and employers contemplated by the Electric Light Company of Philadelphia, one of the leading dailies of the country says: "It is clear to thoughtful students of modern problems that there are many benefits in the scheme. Copartnership means efficiency, harmonious relations, publicity in finance and management, honest dealing with the public. Copartnership makes labor its own employer to a considerable extent, and in time must result in the representation of labor in the directorates of public utility concerns. There was a time when only "radical" reformers advocated such copartnership and profit-sharing. Today an association representing three billion dollars invested in a prosperous and marching industry advocates labor copartnership by means of stock investment."

This is the plan advocated so strongly by Pope Leo XIII. in his encyclical on labor many years ago. After experience has proved the impracticability of all their wild schemes, men will be content to come back and learn wisdom from the Pope.

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### "BACK TO THE COMMANDMENTS."

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"Back to the land." "Back to nature." "Back to the three R's." All good and timely advice; but best and most timely of all is, "Back to the commandments".

That foolish sentimentality is taking the place of the commandments of God is everywhere evident; to give but one example: On June 6, in Kansas City, Mr. Anderson saw his son coming out of a picture show where he had forbidden him to go. He seized the lad and gave him a sound thrashing on the spot. The sight wounded the tender sensibilities of the onlookers, and they were on the verge of lynching the man, and were placated only when he was haled before the court on a charge of brutality.

The fourth commandment says, "Honor thy father and thy mother".

The crowd encouraged the son to break this commandment. The fifth commandment says, "Thou shalt not kill". The crowd were ready in their hearts to break this commandment. The eighth commandment says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor". They broke this commandment when they charged a father with brutality for chastising his child. The judge said, "The children of today need more whipping than they get, and I'm not going to stand in the way of any parent who punishes his child". Thus he taught the meddling crowd to observe the so-called eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt mind thy own business".

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#### A DIVORCED WOMAN'S WORDS COMMENDED BY OUR LORD.

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It happened at Jacob's Well, where Jesus sat wearied by His journey. From nearby Samaria came a woman to draw water. Our Lord requests a drink.

Surprised, the woman inquires, "How dost thou, being a Jew, ask of me to drink, who am a Samaritan woman?"

Jesus thirsting for her soul deftly parries the question by referring to the water which He would give, "a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting."

The woman is mystified; her curiosity aroused.

"Sir," she says, "give me this water, that I may not thirst, nor come hither to draw."

Jesus replies, "Go, tell thy husband, and come hither."

"I have no husband," she answers.

Jesus says to her, "Thou hast said well, 'I have no husband.' For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast, is not thy husband. This thou hast said truly." (John IV.)

The woman, conscious of having garbled the truth, was taken aback. She had neither sought nor expected this commendation of her words. But Jesus "throwing open the gates of her soul, laid bare its ill-gotten stores, all the accumulations of a guilty past—divorce, and not death, that had freed her from each of her five husbands in shameful succession; a faithlessness which soon degenerated into debauchery, into scandalous connections, no longer protected by any thin veil of legal formalities."—(Fouard, *The Christ, The Son of God.*)

Many a divorced woman today thinking herself "protected by the

thin veil of legal formalities," accepts a second, a third, even a "fifth" husband. To them our Lord's words are applied with equal force: "He whom thou now hast, is not thy husband." For what God has joined together no "legal formalities" can put asunder. Another truth which flows from the above, Our Lord speaks very clearly: "If the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery." Of this heinous sin St. Paul states the penalty: "Neither fornicators nor idolators, nor adulterers . . . shall possess the kingdom of God."

Exclusion from heaven—in other words, the pains of hell—await the divorced man and woman who, in the face of the divine prohibition, attempt remarriage.

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### GOD'S SAFETY DEVICE.

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Never before have we had so much agitation, legislation, and suggestions about safety devices at sea, and never before have we had so many serious accidents in spite of all these safety devices. Here is the list of collisions for the last few months: The Empress of Ireland and the Storstad in the St. Lawrence, over one thousand dead; the New York and the Pretoria, 400 miles from New York harbor; the Corinthian and the Oriole in the Thames; the Copsewood and a Hamburg-American liner off Cowes, England; the Kaiser Wilhelm and the Incemore; the Cutter Stea and a liner in the British Channel; the Koenigin Luisa with the Cobra; the Majestic on the Chain of Rocks at St. Louis.

Almighty God wishes us to keep His law which commands us to avoid unnecessary dangers and to take proper care of our own and our neighbor's life and health, but He wishes also to teach us how pitifully helpless we are without His assistance. He took steps to insure our safety when He gave to each one a Guardian Angel. "He has given His Angels charge over thee, and in their hands they will bear thee up lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." One of the best safety devices for any man, woman, or child is to cultivate the habit of speaking lovingly and confidingly to this powerful guardian Spirit. "O Angel of God, my Guardian dear; to whom His love commits me here, Ever this day be at my side, to light, to guard, to rule, and guide."

### "ON WHAT SHALL I PREACH?"

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The Rev. E. S. Wiers, Pastor of Unity Church, Montclair, N. J., told his parishioners to mail him subjects on which they would like to hear him preach. "What's the use of my choosing themes," he said, "which interest my congregation about as much as a discourse on Sanscrit would, when they no doubt have subjects and questions on which they would like to hear my views?"

This is a sad case of the degeneration of a man-made religion. Here is a Minister who evidently wishes to do his duty and people who wish to save their souls. The divine doctrines on faith and morals revealed by Jesus Christ form a subject of intense interest to every Christian heart. How then is it that this Christian Minister can find no interesting theme upon which to preach to these Christian people? Because among the sects that have unhappily revolted from the Mother Church private judgment has destroyed true knowledge of the doctrines of Jesus Christ. All that they can preach is their private and changing "views". Mark the Ministers own words, "my congregation . . . have subjects and questions upon which they would like to hear my *views*". What sort of letter would St. Paul have written to a Minister of the Gospel who used up the Lord's day expounding his own "views" after he had been told to "preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season . . . do the work of an evangelist; fulfil thy ministry" (Timothy chap. 4).

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### VACATION MAKES SAINTS.

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"My vacation is over and now I must go back to slave in the hot factory, the dingy office, or the crowded store. It ate up nearly all I had saved during the past eleven months, it was not so enjoyable as I had expected, and whatever joys it gave are past and gone, and now I must return to eleven months of hard labor in order to repeat it. Is the game worth the candle? Is this to be my life?"

Many young men and women have asked themselves this question and have answered: "No! I am willing, I am glad, to toil and suffer, but it must be for something that is lasting, for something that is worth toiling and suffering for. Treacherous world, I will no longer be deceived by your deceitful pleasures that are full of disappointments and last but for a day. Henceforth I will live for God and God alone."

	<b>Catholic Events</b>	
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To the judge who nominated him to conduct a divorce case, J. L. Morris, a prominent lawyer of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., wrote:

"Thanking you for the thoughtful consideration that moved you to name me as master in the divorce proceedings of Lewis vs. Lewis, I must ask you to revoke the appointment. In my twenty-five years of practice I have made it a rule not to take any part in divorce proceedings because of the stand of Mother Church and my own conviction of their iniquities."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

\* \* \*

Reports from Mexico are unanimous in telling of the demoniacal fury with which the Constitutionlists persecute the Church. They have broken into the churches and danced indecent dances clothed in the vestments of the Priest; they have drunk Mexican rum from consecrated chalices; they have used images of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints for targets or thrown them into polluted wells; at Monterey they captured a federal officer and sentenced him to death; in the meantime, instead of sending him a Priest they sent him a prostitute to lead him into sin and damn his soul. These shameless creatures now hold possession of many of the elegant apartments from which the lawful owners have been banished.

Through what colossal ignorance or infamous perfidy has our Government made itself the supporter of the Constitutionlists of Mexico?

\* \* \*

The "Patriotic Voters" whose keynote is, "Save America from Rome for Americans, Free Speech, Press, Conscience, and Schools, the ousting of Romish officials, the defeat of Romish candidates without regard to section or party," say that a representative of the Panama exposition was present at their meeting and invited them to hold their next convention at San Francisco during the fair.

\* \* \*

Mr. Taft writes: "The statement made by the South Presbyterian church and by Doctor J. A. Smith is utterly unfounded \* \* \* \* The statement that an edict from the Pope was found on Major Butt's person is utterly unfounded for the reason that his body was never found nor were any of his effects. I wonder that a church of a Minister who ought to be careful in giving currency to statements of any character without the slightest foundation, should be responsible for this."

\* \* \*

A military Mass will be celebrated once a week on the Van Cortland Park parade grounds, New York.



Cardinal Giustini has been appointed a member of the Apostolic Segnatura, the highest ecclesiastical court of appeals. He takes the place of Cardinal Martinelli, former Papal Delegate to America, who has been obliged to resign on account of ill health.

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New York's vast cathedral could not contain the crowds that wished to witness the policemen's Mass. The two thousand policemen in uniform who attended were reviewed at the entrance of the church by Police Commissioner Woods with several of the department chaplains and surgeons.

\* \* \*

C. A. Windle, editor of the Iconoclast, Hearst Building, Chicago, though himself a non-Catholic, has just issued a ten cent pamphlet which constitutes one of the most thorough exposures of Watson, the Menace, and the other antagonists of truth and decency.

\* \* \*

There were 890,000 Communions at the shrine of Lourdes during the past year.

\* \* \*

One hundred Archbishops and Bishops, several hundred Monsignori, one thousand Priests, and fifteen thousand people were present at Lourdes, July 24, when Cardinal Granito di Belmonte, the Papal Legate, opened the Eucharistic Congress. A procession was held in the evening in which fifteen thousand people took part. Every morning there is a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in which the clergy from distant places as well as those from the surrounding cities and towns take part.

\* \* \*

It is reported that the Menace bribes postal officials to circulate the sheet in an unlawful manner. Some zealous Catholics are collecting evidence in order to be able to prosecute the law breakers.

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The latest report of the Knights of Columbus shows a total membership of 326,858, an increase of 24,784 over last year.

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The compilers of the Catholic Encyclopedia are planning a correspondence school. They will use the encyclopedia for reference, and specially prepared and books will be given to the students. There will be courses in history, art, science, philosophy, literature, education, social science,—in fact, everything that is profitable for an ecclesiastic or for a layman or woman.

\* \* \*

Cardinal Lugari, assessor of the Holy Office, died at Rome, July 31.

## The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.)

*I know that "I. H. S." means "I have suffered," but what does "I. N. R. I." mean?*

It is our privilege to use any words that strike our fancy for an abbreviation, but we must look elsewhere for its objective meaning. Now, it happens that both of these abbreviations in question are sacred and venerable. The latter is composed of the initial letters of the inscription which Pontius Pilate had fastened to the cross of our Savior. It was "Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum". In English, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." The former abbreviations, "I. H. S.," was made by the first Christians, and since their day has been put on the articles used in the sacrifice of the Mass. These letters are an abbreviation of "Jesus Hominum Salvator," which is literally translated "Jesus, Savior of Mankind."

*If God is omnipotent and everywhere why does He have priests to act in His name?*

It is becoming the infinite majesty of God to have human agents in the visible world even as He has angels to minister unto Him in the spirit world. Besides, as the Son of God gained the hearts of mankind by His human sympathy for them, so is it the wise and merciful design of God to draw the faithful to Him through the sympathy of His human agents.

*Did the human will of our Savior find it as hard to do the will of the heavenly Father as ours at times does?*

The difficulty of doing God's will may arise: (1) from the weakness of the human will, (2) from human susceptibility to pain, (3) from the nature of the work to be done, (4) and from the horror of the soul for the work to be done. Now, our will is weakened by original sin and often fettered by bad habits, otherwise no heroic work nor distasteful service is required of us. The human will of our Savior was not weakened by sin, but His body so delicately constituted that it felt the least pain keenly. The sacrifice He was called upon to make was most sublime, while His horror for sin was so great that He actually sweated blood in consenting to die for us ungrateful creatures.

*I don't send my children to the Catholic school because I don't want them to receive Communion before they know what they are doing. What do you think of the matter?*

You may be honest in your conceit, but if you were prompted in your conduct by Satan himself, it could not be more unchristian. You have no more sense of your responsibility than the non-Catholic who objects to the baptism of his children because in a matter of such importance as acquiring a title to the kingdom of heaven they ought to wait till they can choose for themselves. If you have a sense of your responsibility as the representative of God in the home then you are not a Catholic, because you are not in harmony with the Holy Father in theory and in practice on a vital question of religion. I fear that in the sight of God you are not even a Christian because you are at variance with Jesus Christ who says: "Let the little ones come to me and prevent them not." And "Except you ate the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you." Holy Communion is the bread of life, the source of divine strength for the soul in its conflict with the flesh, the world and the devil. If a child is fed on the bread of life before its passions develop bad habits it will easily walk in the way of the Lord. By neglecting to instill a Catholic spirit in your children at home, and by keeping them from the religious influence of a Catholic school, you have done worse than Judas did in giving the traitor's kiss to Jesus Christ. If you intend to be a Catholic you must accept the faith as taught by the Catholic Church, live up to that teaching and surround your family with every possible religious influence. St. Paul says: "If any man have not care of his own, and especially of those of his house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." (I. Tim. 5. 8.)

*Is it of faith that the pains of hell are eternal?*

It is a dogma of the Catholic Church that the pains of hell are eternal. The Athanasian Creed says: "Those who

have done good will enter life eternal, but those who have done evil will go into eternal fire." And the fourth Lateran Council defined: "On the last day all will rise again that they may receive according to their works, the reprobate eternal punishment with the devil, the elect eternal life with Christ."

This teaching of the Church is supported by sacred Scripture. Isaiah says of the reprobate: "Their worm shall not die, and their fire shall not be quenched" (66, 24). The prophet Daniel says: "And many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth, shall awake; some unto life everlasting, and others unto reproach, to see it always" (12, 2). In summing up His description of the General Judgment our divine Savior says: "And these shall go into everlasting punishment: but the just into life everlasting" (Matt. 25, 26.) Finally, in writing to the Thessalonians St. Paul refers to the reprobate "who shall suffer eternal punishment in destruction from the face of the Lord" (II. Thess. 1, 9).

*What quantity of food may a person take on a fast day?*

The law of fasting, as modified by custom and sanctioned by the Church, permits two ounces of Lenten food for breakfast, a full meal for dinner, and eight ounces of Lenten food for supper. As many of our American Catholics do not consume a larger quantity of food daily, they will find little difficulty in observing the letter of the law regarding the quantity of food where they are not entitled to the dispensations granted to working people.

*What is meant by the Patronage of St. Joseph?*

The Patronage of St. Joseph is his office as patron or protector of the Catholic Church. As God confided Jesus and Mary to the care of Joseph, so the Church, as the perpetuation of the Holy Family on earth, has appropriately chosen him as her patron and protector. In the past the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph was celebrated on the third Sunday after Easter, but in the future it will be celebrated on the Wednesday preceding this Sunday.

*Must the same priest who invested me with the scapulars bless my scapular-medal?*

No. Any priest with the power of investing you with the scapulars may bless any quantity of scapular-medals for you. But it is an essential requisite for all Catholics to be invested with

the scapulars before they can validly wear the scapular-medal in their stead.

*Will Antichrist be a real person?*

According to the general opinion of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church Antichrist will be a real physical person, who will oppose the reign of Christ and persecute the Church most violently towards the consummation of the world. Though every one who commits mortal sin is antichrist by his action, this person will be steeped in iniquity, will persecute righteousness and will proclaim himself to be God. In speaking of him St. Paul says: "Unless there comes a revolt first, and the man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth, and is lifted up above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself as if he were God. . . . And then that wicked one shall be revealed, whom the Lord Jesus shall kill with the spirit of His mouth; and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming, him, whose coming is according to the working of Satan, in all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and in all seduction of iniquity to them that perish" (II. Thess. 2, 3-).

Antichrist will be a man of extraordinary talents and energy whom the powers of hell will use to make the last and most violent attack upon the Catholic Church. He will pretend to be the long expected Messiah of the Jews, perform wonderful deeds by the power of Satan, and finally have himself proclaimed king of the world. With an immense army he will persecute the Christians so that for three and one-half years they will hold no public services according to the prophet Daniel. "And from the time when the continual sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination unto desolation shall be set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days" (Dan. 12, 11).

When he is about to see the consummation of his ambition Antichrist will be destroyed by the Almighty. "And they came upon the breath of the earth, and encompassed the camp of the saints, and the beloved city. And there came down fire from God out of heaven, and devoured them; and the devil who seduced them, was cast into the pool of fire and brimstone, where both the beast and the false prophet shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever" (Apoc. 20, 8-).

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Some Good Books</h2>	
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*Spiritual Director and Physician. The Spiritual Treatment of Sufferers from Nerves and Scruples.* From the French of Rev. Father V. Raymond, O. P. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C. R. L. Whatever be the reader's religion, he must gather from this book the great benefit of an increase of calm and hope. This work has been praised by Catholics and Protestants alike. Directors of conscience in particular will find it a help to the study of the question of scruples and in the guidance of scrupulous souls. Though the study of scruples is a difficult one, Rev. Father Raymond has handled the subject with marked ability, due, no doubt, to his vast experience with persons afflicted with neurosis and scruples. The book is put out by Benziger Bros., New York, and sells for \$1.75.

*Frederick Ozanam and the Establishment of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.* By Archibald J. Dunn. The life of this great layman gives us a true portrait of the ideal Christian. Ozanam's love for God was the main-spring of all his actions. It was this that led him on to labor unceasingly for the uplift of his fellowmen. It was this that induced him to found the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—a society which has revived the charity-spirit of the Ancient Church and has taught its members to sacrifice their own interests and to work unostentatiously for the relief of suffering humanity. By the reading of such books many a non-Catholic has been drawn into the True Fold and Catholics themselves have learned that, besides hearing Mass and frequenting the Sacraments, they have yet another sacred duty—the duty of assisting their fellowmen. The book is published by Benziger Bros. Price, 50 cents.

*The Pilgrims of Grace,* by John G. Rowe is a thoroughly Catholic story, and one which fiction lovers will genuinely enjoy. The scene is laid in England in the so-called Reformation times and the story is a defense of our holy religion. There is a rare strength of character in those good Catholics of early days and the character is founded on the principles of

holy faith. The love incidents are natural and delightful and not, as often is the case, crowded in and irrelevant. The illustrations add to the attractiveness of the novel. It is published by Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.25.

The work of the Catholic Library has been progressing nicely. Volume six is a reprint of Blessed Edmund Campion's *Ten Reasons Proposed to His Adversaries for Disputation*. The reasons are as cogent today as they were four hundred years ago, and there is a freshness of idea drawn even from the middle ages in proposing difficulties to our adversaries and not always waiting to answer their difficulties. The seventh volume is from the very scholarly pen of Father Lucas, S. J., and titled: *Holy Mass: the Eucharistic Sacrifice and the Roman Liturgy*. This, though not so exhaustive as other works written on the subject, pursues its subject thoroughly and comprehensively. The eighth volume is *The Triumph Over Death*, by the Ven. Robert Southwell, S. J., a man who, by his own martyrdom, knew well how to speak the virtues in others that make their death a triumph. The book is edited from manuscripts by J. W. Trotman. The Catholic Library is put out by B. Herder, St. Louis, and each of its volumes sells for 30 cents.

An excellent English translation of *L'Histoire D'Une Ame*, (*Sister Therese of Lisieux*) prefaced by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne and edited by the Rev. T. N. Taylor, will be joyfully received by all English-speaking Catholics. "The Little Flower" tells her own life in her own most charming and interesting manner. Sister Therese herein teaches us very forcibly the beauty of virtue, and how Jesus wishes to be loved more than feared. In an especial manner has Our Lord chosen this youthful Carmelite to exemplify by her gentle and ordinary life how sweet is His yoke and how light is His burden. To the life of Sister Therese has been appended an account of some favors attributed to her intercession. P. J. Kenedy & Sons are the publishers. Price, \$2.00.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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Little 'Rastus came home from school one day and asked: "I say, Paw, why does dey allus put D. C. after Washington?"

"Why, chile," replied the old colored man, "I's supris'd at yer iginance. Doan' yer know dat D. C. means dat Washington wuz de daddy of his country?"

On a business trip to the city a farmer decided to take home to his wife a Christmas present of a shirt-waist. Going into a store and being directed to the waist department, he asked the lady clerk to show him some.

"What bust?" asked she.

The farmer looked around quickly and answered: "I don't know; I didn't hear anything."

"Sammy," said his mean uncle, "how would you feel if I were to give you a penny?"

"I think," replied Sammy, "that I should feel a little faint at first, but I'd try and get over it."

Visitor—Why did your little paper fail?

Bogville Editor—Why, Mrs. Chinn, the village gossip had the news spread through the town before I could set up my type.

In an account of a social gathering a reporter described one of the lady guests, who was of exceptional stature, as possessing a form "that Juno might envy." The next morning, however, he read in the paper that the lady possessed of a form "that Jumbo might envy!"

Smith has a lovely baby girl,

The stork left her with a flutter;  
Smith named her Oleomargarine,  
For he hadn't any but her.

There was a grass widow quite proper  
Who was formerly married to Hopper,  
But he got a divorce;

As a matter of course  
The grass widow is now a grass Hop-  
per.

Isaac's house was for sale, and he

told his friend Abram about an offer he had had. "Samuel Levinski saidt he vould gif me fife t'ousand dollars vor idt."

"Huh!" Abram grunted scornfully. "He aindt got fife dollars to his name; he candt buy idt."

"Vell, I know he candt. But idt was a mighty fine offer."

In a school for colored children in Alabama the pupils were asked to construct a sentence containing the word "amphibious". Quick as a flash the son of a local preacher gave the following:

"Most fish stories am fibious."

"Why don't you take a wife, old chap?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You must have a reason."

"Well, the fact is, I couldn't afford a 1914 wife on my 1902 salary."

Mrs. Maloney was before the Judge, charged with assault on Policeman Casey. She had been unusually attentive throughout the proceedings, and now the Judge was summing up the evidence.

"The evidence shows, Mrs. Maloney," he began, "that you threw a stone at Policeman Casey."

"It shows more than that, yer Honor," interrupted Mrs. Maloney; "it shows that Oi hit him."

A guest in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"'Bout like dis way," explained the negro, clapping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoes in the basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was passin' de Big Fo' depot."